

ALL DONE IN ORDER

ONE OF CHICAGO'S WONDERS AND ITS UNEQUALLED MAGNITUDE.

The Great Slaughter and Packing Houses. In Tow of a Guide—Pig Sticking and Beef Killing—Some Marvellous Figures. The Stockyards Horse Market.

(Special Correspondence.) CHICAGO, Nov. 27.—My opinion of the Chicago stockyards has been given yesterday in a brief article. The stockyards are a vast expanse of territory divided into sections and traversed by busy streets of quacking pigs and bleating sheep, of frightened and alert cattle, of streams and pools of blood, of barns and unsanitary buildings, of clouds of steam, of acres and acres of mud, of general sloth and slovenliness, of all the evils of a great city and all the evils of a great industry.

But above all these impressions is the dominant one that here is a system of a most comprehensive order. Here human ingenuity has been taxed to the utmost for the working out of the most important problem in the world of affairs of day. How shall time be economized? Here the principle of co-operation is vindicated in a remarkable degree.

Strolling Through the Yards.

The yards are perhaps quite as interesting as the packing houses, but after you have seen one or two blocks you have practically seen them all. The blocks are divided by board fences into pens, and from certain of these pens men on horseback and on foot are continually driving the stock through the streets into other pens. There is a deal of whip cracking and yelling expended in the operation of this transferring the animals, but they go quickly enough in the main, although now and then a Texas steer makes things lively for a few minutes, and the confusion is made worse by the men who drive about in buggies through the stock-choked streets, and in the morning by the many horses that force their way among the cattle and sheep and hogs. These horses are not exactly like any other vehicle with which I am familiar. They are furnished by the proprietors of the packing houses for the conveying of their office employees, of which there must be some thousands of both sexes, to and from their work.

The confusion on the streets would be even worse than it is were it not for the fact that some of the yards are connected by overhead railways, crossing the streets at an elevation of 10 or 15 feet, and which not only relieve the traffic of the yards, but furnish a unique feature to the landscape, if that term be applicable to a stockyard view.

The Packing Houses.

It is quite a walk and during the stroll the visitor passes the exchange, a low brick and stone building in which many firms of dealers and brokers in meats, both on foot and dressed, are located. The packing houses themselves are enormous institutions. A dozen separate concerns operate them, the two most important of which are Swift & Co. and Armour & Co. This information is probably gratuitous, for their brands are to be read in all parts of the known world, but a writing upon the packing houses that did not mention them would make a most conspicuous omission. I haven't any idea which of the two is the larger, but I am told that the Armour people kill more pigs, while the Swift folks butcher more cattle. I run across Swift's first and was guided by an employee directed for that purpose through the packing house of that company to see the packing house guide. It is a most interesting creature. It is his delight to tell startling stories of the number of killings that may be accomplished in a day by "our house" and to hold up all other killers and packers to scorn and derision. He also tells it incumbent upon him to see that the visitor witnesses everything going on.

In Tow of a Guide.

I fancy that all the guide told me today is true, but I shall not repeat his statements here. The reader might believe every one of them from the lips of that guide, but he would not probably swallow them whole if I were to write them down. It is the guide's opinion that pig butchery is the most interesting feature of a packing house, and he said I ought to see it if I saw nothing else. I saw it, and it is how it is done and how it is viewed by the visitor.

First as to the visitor. He is guided across a vast and bloody floor crowded with men who are operating on dead pigs in various ways and past a vat of hot and



ENTRANCE TO THE STOCKYARDS.

steaming water, where the carcasses are scalded before the hair is taken off. Then a narrow flight of stairs, half hidden by the steam of the scalding, is climbed. Then the visitor binds his nose with his handkerchief, even if it is somewhat defective in this respect. Then two or three mysterious doors, most of which are passed, a perpendicular and very dirty ladder is climbed, and—there you are, standing in a little gallery over a pen of pigs, every one of which is squealing at the top of its paunchy lungs. The inference of the visitor is that these things know that they are about to die, and it is a pleasure to record that once they have been put into that gruesome place they die quickly.

How the Pigs are Killed.

A heavy cap stands ready as the pigs are brought in. With the strength and skill that come only after long practice, the slaughterer seizes one of the hind legs of a pig. On a sort of shelf some six or eight feet above another man stands, and he pulls a lever that leads to the suspension of the pig. The head, downward from an overhead track, is then swung into a long and level knife bar. It is the knife in the animal's throat. There is a sudden stoppage of that particular pig's squeal, a great gush of bright red blood, and what was once a live pig is now meat.

The carcass is then lowered to the scale, and a man in a white coat, with a system of rapidly moving "scales," transfers the bodies, then to various cutting tables, where it is converted into sides, hams, shoulders, quarters and other cuts. A hundred men are at work in the killing and dismemberment of every pig.

Follow who agree to the

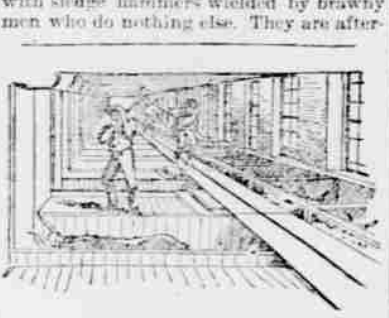
Pennyroyal Pills advertisement with image of a bottle.

CLEARING THE DECK

PREPARATIONS FOR THE MEETING OF CONGRESS IN WASHINGTON.

A Variety of Views Concerning the Recent Elections—Government Finances. Wonders of the Modern War Vessel. Chance For Trouble.

(Special Correspondence.) WASHINGTON, Nov. 26.—The city is all a buzz with preparations for the short session of congress. At each department the word is that the secretary can see no one, as he is preparing his report. The chief clerks and heads of divisions are scarcely less busy, and even the lowest class clerks put on an air of profound absorption in labor. At the capital a small regiment of men are at work renovating everything, and all the hotels and boarding houses have a general air of expectancy. Even the Washington darkies have shaken off their summer idleness and taken on that sturdy regularity which is the mark of a man who expects to be paid for his work.



LOOKING DOWN THE STREETS.

ward "stuck," evidenced, skinned and cut up with the utmost neatness and dispatch, and every night there are hundreds of carcasses cooling in places that in the morning were great, handsome stores, and the beauty of it is that every fellow finds in this conclusive proof of the correctness of his own explanation. Some of the figures are indeed startling. In one Michigan district, for instance, the Democrats polled but 3,921 votes against 16,938 two years ago, and in another 4,215 against 16,774. It is already apparent also that there will be more contested seats in the next house than in any previous one, as some 20 notices are already filed, and at Republican headquarters they expect at least 20 more. In fact, whole state delegations in the south will probably be contested.

Some Stockyard Figures.

G. W. Hale was the first Chicago meat packer. He began more than half a century ago, with a small establishment in the city. The Bull's Head stockyards were established in 1848 at the corner of Madison street and Olden avenue. The present Union stockyards were opened in the Town of Lake, now part of Chicago, on the last day of August, 1865. There are ten miles of streets and pens for 118,000 and more, costing \$1,000,000. Now there are 20 miles of streets, as many miles of water troughs, 2 1/2 times as many miles of feeding troughs, 3 1/4 times as many miles of water and drainage pipes and 37 miles of packing tracks, with the first cost of the yards now aggregated \$1,000,000. The packing houses cost a good deal more, and in yards and packing houses together fully 20,000 persons find employment in the busiest times. Horses are handled here as well as butchers' animals, the Chicago stockyard being a historical relic of the world. It is carried on in a pavilion that was built at a cost of \$100,000. The yards now handle \$360,000,000 worth of stock a year, and it takes \$12,000 cars annually to bring the animals, and 97,000 to take them away, dead and alive.

What is the secret of success in the kitchen? Dr. Price's Baking Powder.

GOSSIP AND GLEANINGS.

Mrs. Langtry's Completion—Women of Fact—Horse Show Echoes.

(Special Correspondence.) NEW YORK, Nov. 26.—Mrs. Langtry, with her marvelous complexion, looks as handsome as ever, if a few years older. The Jersey lady asserts that the hair of her skin are altogether due to her daily energetic constitutional. "A slow walk is little better than no walk. It is the rapid walk which brings the blood to the cheeks," says the famous beauty.

Woman of fact never says anything against her enemies, and when talking to a man. In almost every man's complexion there is something which resents a disposition to injure those who are absent and unable to defend themselves. The fight which the women of New York made to do at Tammany will go down in history as a historical event. New York politics. Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell, the inspiration of the feminine forces, was ill almost from the beginning of the campaign. From her bed, however, she directed the movements of the different factions, consulting daily with a representative of each.

There were larger numbers of horse entered by women this year at the New York horse show than ever before. Mrs. John Jacob Astor exhibited several saddle horses. Mrs. Foxhall Knapp's horses were another fine group.

Mrs. Coleman Drayton's recent denial of all her husband's allegations, signifying her intention to oppose his application for a divorce, has caused people who know her as "Little" Astor to become more interested in her.

A woman who knew her as a child says that at 10 years of age she was noted among millionaires' children, because of the little girls of her own age employed to wait upon her, and to quote the reminiscence fully, they were "bossed" around considerably by their small, impetuous mistress.

Somebody new and very sensible for the woman who must go out in bad weather is the rubbery dry outfit. It consists of a skirt and cape of cloth covered with rubber. The mackintosh, while efficient, invariably means bedraggled skirts underneath. These outfits come in small checks of dark colors, and are becoming as well as useful.

The passion for bicycling among fashionable women has received a few shocks lately. Mrs. Clement C. Moore, a well known New York society woman, had a serious fall, falling in a strained ankle, and Mrs. Harper Pennington, the wife of the artist, fell from her wheel, breaking her leg. It is reported that Mrs. Cleveland intends riding a bicycle. There have been some small rumors lately about the woman bicyclist who has been independent enough to wear national dress for wheeling. The number of women who are bicycling are very few, and they are usually busy at present making padded culottes for many of the women bicyclists. This summer will certainly simple minded people, who are about to buy a bicycle, must mount a bicycle of feminine vanity and of good good sense.

LAURA OLIVER BOOTH.

In the West.

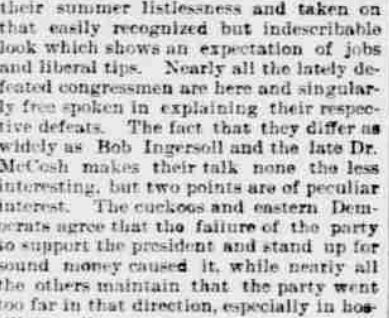
Easterner—How long have you lived in the west? Westerner—Twenty years. Easterner—Well, I'll be damned, out there? Westerner—Well, I'll be damned, out there? Easterner—Well, I'll be damned, out there? Westerner—Well, I'll be damned, out there?

FARMED IN THE MUD

BUT THUS FAR THE FARM IS NOT VERY PROFITABLE.

A Turtle That Is Almost Worth Its Weight in Gold—It Is Now a Luxury Even in the Land of Its Birth—The Tame Terrapin.

(Special Correspondence.) HEATHVILLE, Northumberland County, Va., Nov. 26.—"There's your terrapin," an old Maryland host was wont to say, and there's pepper, salt, butter and sherry wine. If you want to spoil the terrapin, put on the wine." Plain folk that live where the terrapin grows are fond of saying that the terrapin is merely a vehicle for sauce, and they present to believe that cunningly sauce a turtle's head would do for the terrapin. These to whom terrapin has usually been not a luxury, but a matter of course, like the creature served in its shell with just the ordinary condiments at hand to be applied in accordance with individual taste. But so great has become the demand for terrapin in the large cities of the Atlantic coast that the creature has become a luxury even in the land of its birth, the prolific region of the Chesapeake, hence the terrapin farm.



CAPTURING A "COUNT."

Senator Dennis of Maryland was accustomed to snail when strangers spoke or wrote of his terrapin. The truth is that the senator simply improved some what upon the time honored Maryland custom of keeping a few terrapin in the cellar for future use. He had a house where his terrapin were fed, but he did not make a business of terrapin farming. Others have since gone into the business, and in course of time perhaps the ravages made by the hunters among wild terrapin will be repaired by the terrapin farmers.

One of the largest terrapin farms is that of Charles Lewis, on Hog Island, a spot of a few acres in the Potomac, not far from the Chesapeake and opposite the mouth of the river, a tide water tributary of the Potomac. Mr. Lewis is a Virginian from the eastern shore, an energetic man, who laid up considerable money in running steamboats on the Chesapeake and in New York harbor. He went into terrapin farming about five years ago. After buying in several acres, partly on the island and partly in the water surrounding it, he began buying terrapin for stocking the farm. He has been buying ever since, until some persons believe he has many thousands in stock. The number is probably overestimated, but Mr. Lewis has undoubtedly put a great deal of money in his farm, although small terrapin, from the size of a thumb nail upward, may be bought as low as 25 cents and sometimes a good deal lower. The terrapin is supposed to be about five years in reaching the marketable condition. After the term is, must measure 7 inches on the bottom shell, according to the Baltimore standard, before it is regarded as fit to set before an epicure. Counts have reached \$70 a dozen in recent seasons.

Some persons profess to believe that the artificially cultivated terrapin lacks a certain flavor of his wild brother, and this is ascribed to the absence of some element of food obtainable by the wild terrapin. Mr. Lewis believes he has made some of these elements by including in the area of his farm a quantity of sea water, and he has undoubtedly put a great deal of money in his farm, although small terrapin, from the size of a thumb nail upward, may be bought as low as 25 cents and sometimes a good deal lower. The terrapin is supposed to be about five years in reaching the marketable condition. After the term is, must measure 7 inches on the bottom shell, according to the Baltimore standard, before it is regarded as fit to set before an epicure. Counts have reached \$70 a dozen in recent seasons.

Remarkable Dogs.

First Liar—I have a dog that runs, a doctor every time he gets hurt. Second Liar—Smart dogs are plenty enough, but I have one with a sense of humor. "I guess not. How does he show it?" "Every time he sees a tailor he pants."—New York Weekly.

Caught the Drummer Napping.

A group of commercial travelers were seated in the smoking compartment of a sleeping car discussing business expenses and the various lines of merchandise sold by them. After while they were joined by a quiet individual, who listened to the conversation, but took no part in it. He smiled, however, at the jokes and sallies, and appeared to be thoroughly in sympathy with the company.

Precisely a fortnight ago the man, who at last one of the party turned to him and said, "May I inquire what line you represent?" "Certainly," he replied. "I am a clergyman. I travel for the house of the Lord."

RASH RAJAH.

Twenty-three Solidity Powder Made Him Seek His Doctor's Life.

An English doctor attached to the court of a rajah made himself most indispensable to his highness. He had fortunately also made a friend of his prime minister. On one occasion his highness, being slightly indisposed, had taken, by the doctor's advice, a solidity powder, which he had expressed his delight in. His tendency to "bowl and buzz" ready to blow your nose off, seemed to him a "scatter brain," and he seemed so much better after taking it that the doctor felt himself justified in joining a hunting party.

Precisely a fortnight ago the man, who at last one of the party turned to him and said, "May I inquire what line you represent?" "Certainly," he replied. "I am a clergyman. I travel for the house of the Lord."

The doctor put spurs to his horse and never drew rein till he was out of the jurisdiction of the court.—San Francisco

Big C advertisement with image of a product.

THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

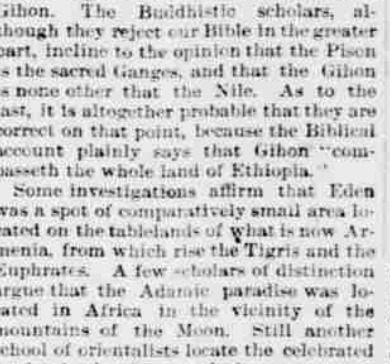
Its Exact Location a Mystery That Will Probably Never Be Solved.

The location of the earthly paradise or garden of Eden is still a matter of dispute among orientalists and Scriptural scholars of highest reputation. Some have endeavored to locate it by the fruits and mineral productions named in the Biblical descriptions as they appear in the second chapter of Genesis others by the rivers mentioned in verses 10 and 11 of the above mentioned chapter. The weight of investigation and tradition incline to an agreement that the Tigris and the Euphrates of modern geography are the third and fourth rivers mentioned in the Biblical description of the garden. Those who agree so far differ widely as to what river would be regarded as the ancient Pishon and Gihon. The Buddhistic scholars, although they reject the Bible in the greater part, incline to the opinion that the Pishon is the sacred Ganges, and that the Gihon is none other than the Nile. As to the Eden, from which rise the Tigris and the Euphrates, a few scholars of distinction account plainly says that Gihon "compasseth the whole land of Ethiopia."

Some investigations affirm that Eden was a spot of comparatively small area located on the tablelands of what is now Arabia, from which rise the Tigris and the Euphrates. A few scholars of distinction argue that the Edenian paradise was located in Africa in the vicinity of the mountains of the Moon. Still another school of orientalists locate the celebrated garden in the vicinity of the ancient city of Babylon.

You will notice, however, that none of these theories has been able to get the four rivers mentioned in the Biblical account properly located. Neither have they found a place where one great river "separates into four heads." This being the case it is hardly necessary to say that the exact location of Eden is a mystery that will probably never be solved.—St. Louis Republic.

After Dinner.



"I say, Smith, where's your wife?"

"I don't choose to tell you, sir. You are in no condition to speak to a lady." "Oh, that's all right, I only wanted to avoid her!"—Life.

SHADOW OF A HAND.

Business called me to Dieppe in the summer of 1846. The cashier of one of the largest banks in New York had absconded with the funds of the institution, and I had followed his tracks. Late at the close of the 14th of August I reached my destination and immediately repaired to my hotel. The town clock struck 9. I resolved to take a look at the city at day break.

I was astonished, on reaching the street, to see it full of people rushing in a woeless tide in one direction. Wondering what the attraction could be, I followed the crowd, and found myself standing on the Rue Grande. At the foot of the street was a large open square, where the crowd formed a perfect jam. From a platform at the opposite side I distinguished dark outlines that were the blood in my veins. It was the guillotine. It was not long until a tall fellow, a dark, slender, elegant, and the guillotine with the condemned slowly approached. The executioner addressed himself to the man, and in a few moments all was over.

"Who was the man, and why was he executed?" I inquired of a police agent as he passed. He looked at me with scorn, and said, "I don't know, sir, it was Jacques Raymond."

"I am curious to know, and before I left Dieppe I had gathered all the details of the life and crimes of the dead man. No longer than four months before he had been in the Rue Grande, and he was the division of the bank, communicated with the police, who proceeded to the spot and found about 2,000 sovereigns in all."

"It afterward transpired that the money was that which he had stolen from the Rue Grande, and he was taken before the court."

"I fear it is too late, my dear. It is a quarter past 9 o'clock."

"Justine thought that the shop at the corner might be open."

"Need her, then. The truth is, I am well as hungry as a wolf."

The servant took a basket to get the bread, and left the door partly open to save S. Flannery Bennett.—Chicago Record.

"The author of the well known song 'The Sweetest Girl in the World' which has been sung in almost every language and in every part of the world, is a physician at the name of S. Flannery Bennett.—Chicago Record."

"The author of the well known song 'The Sweetest Girl in the World' which has been sung in almost every language and in every part of the world, is a physician at the name of S. Flannery Bennett.—Chicago Record."

"The author of the well known song 'The Sweetest Girl in the World' which has been sung in almost every language and in every part of the world, is a physician at the name of S. Flannery Bennett.—Chicago Record."

"The author of the well known song 'The Sweetest Girl in the World' which has been sung in almost every language and in every part of the world, is a physician at the name of S. Flannery Bennett.—Chicago Record."

Big C advertisement with image of a product.

HEATHVILLE, Northumberland County, Va., Nov. 26.—"There's your terrapin," an old Maryland host was wont to say, and there's pepper, salt, butter and sherry wine. If you want to spoil the terrapin, put on the wine." Plain folk that live where the terrapin grows are fond of saying that the terrapin is merely a vehicle for sauce, and they present to believe that cunningly sauce a turtle's head would do for the terrapin. These to whom terrapin has usually been not a luxury, but a matter of course, like the creature served in its shell with just the ordinary condiments at hand to be applied in accordance with individual taste. But so great has become the demand for terrapin in the large cities of the Atlantic coast that the creature has become a luxury even in the land of its birth, the prolific region of the Chesapeake, hence the terrapin farm.

Senator Dennis of Maryland was accustomed to snail when strangers spoke or wrote of his terrapin. The truth is that the senator simply improved some what upon the time honored Maryland custom of keeping a few terrapin in the cellar for future use. He had a house where his terrapin were fed, but he did not make a business of terrapin farming. Others have since gone into the business, and in course of time perhaps the ravages made by the hunters among wild terrapin will be repaired by the terrapin farmers.

One of the largest terrapin farms is that of Charles Lewis, on Hog Island, a spot of a few acres in the Potomac, not far from the Chesapeake and opposite the mouth of the river, a tide water tributary of the Potomac. Mr. Lewis is a Virginian from the eastern shore, an energetic man, who laid up considerable money in running steamboats on the Chesapeake and in New York harbor. He went into terrapin farming about five years ago. After buying in several acres, partly on the island and partly in the water surrounding it, he began buying terrapin for stocking the farm. He has been buying ever since, until some persons believe he has many thousands in stock. The number is probably overestimated, but Mr. Lewis has undoubtedly put a great deal of money in his farm, although small terrapin, from the size of a thumb nail upward, may be bought as low as 25 cents and sometimes a good deal lower. The terrapin is supposed to be about five years in reaching the marketable condition. After the term is, must measure 7 inches on the bottom shell, according to the Baltimore standard, before it is regarded as fit to set before an epicure. Counts have reached \$70 a dozen in recent seasons.

Some persons profess to believe that the artificially cultivated terrapin lacks a certain flavor of his wild brother, and this is ascribed to the absence of some element of food obtainable by the wild terrapin. Mr. Lewis believes he has made some of these elements by including in the area of his farm a quantity of sea water, and he has undoubtedly put a great deal of money in his farm, although small terrapin, from the size of a thumb nail upward, may be bought as low as 25 cents and sometimes a good deal lower. The terrapin is supposed to be about five years in reaching the marketable condition. After the term is, must measure 7 inches on the bottom shell, according to the Baltimore standard, before it is regarded as fit to set before an epicure. Counts have reached \$70 a dozen in recent seasons.

Some persons profess to believe that the artificially cultivated terrapin lacks a certain flavor of his wild brother, and this is ascribed to the absence of some element of food obtainable by the wild terrapin. Mr. Lewis believes he has made some of these elements by including in the area of his farm a quantity of sea water, and he has undoubtedly put a great deal of money in his farm, although small terrapin, from the size of a thumb nail upward, may be bought as low as 25 cents and sometimes a good deal lower. The terrapin is supposed to be about five years in reaching the marketable condition. After the term is, must measure 7 inches on the bottom shell, according to the Baltimore standard, before it is regarded as fit to set before an epicure. Counts have reached \$70 a dozen in recent seasons.

Remarkable Dogs.

First Liar—I have a dog that runs, a doctor every time he gets hurt. Second Liar—Smart dogs are plenty enough, but I have one with a sense of humor. "I guess not. How does he show it?" "Every time he sees a tailor he pants."—New York Weekly.

Caught the Drummer Napping.

A group of commercial travelers were seated in the smoking compartment of a sleeping car discussing business expenses and the various lines of merchandise sold by them. After while they were joined by a quiet individual, who listened to the conversation, but took no part in it. He smiled, however, at the jokes and sallies, and appeared to be thoroughly in sympathy with the company.

Precisely a fortnight ago the man, who at last one of the party turned to him and said, "May I inquire what line you represent?" "Certainly," he replied. "I am a clergyman. I travel for the house of the Lord."

RASH RAJAH.

Twenty-three Solidity Powder Made Him Seek His Doctor's Life.

An English doctor attached to the court of a rajah made himself most indispensable to his highness. He had fortunately also made a friend of his prime minister. On one occasion his highness, being slightly indisposed, had taken, by the doctor's advice, a solidity powder, which he had expressed his delight in. His tendency to "bowl and buzz" ready to blow your nose off, seemed to him a "scatter brain," and he seemed so much better after taking it that the doctor felt himself justified in joining a hunting party.

Precisely a fortnight ago the man, who at last one of the party turned to him and said, "May I inquire what line you represent?" "Certainly," he replied. "I am a clergyman. I travel for the house of the Lord."

The doctor put spurs to his horse and never drew rein till he was out of the jurisdiction of the court.—San Francisco

Business called me to Dieppe in the summer of 1846. The cashier of one of the largest banks in New York had absconded with the funds of the institution, and I had followed his tracks. Late at the close of the 14th of August I reached my destination and immediately repaired to my hotel. The town clock struck 9. I resolved to take a look at the city at day break.

I was astonished, on reaching the street, to see it full of people rushing in a woeless tide in one direction. Wondering what the attraction could be, I followed the crowd, and found myself standing on the Rue Grande. At the foot of the street was a large open square, where the crowd formed a perfect jam. From a platform at the opposite side I distinguished dark outlines that were the blood in my veins. It was the guillotine. It was not long until a tall fellow, a dark, slender, elegant, and the guillotine with the condemned slowly approached. The executioner addressed himself to the man, and in a few moments all was over.

"Who was the man, and why was he executed?" I inquired of a police agent as he passed. He looked at me with scorn, and said, "I don't know, sir, it was Jacques Raymond."

"I am curious to know, and before I left Dieppe I had gathered all the details of the life and crimes of the dead man. No longer than four months before he had been in the Rue Grande, and he was the division of the bank, communicated with the police, who proceeded to the spot and found about 2,000 sovereigns in all."

"It afterward transpired that the money was that which he had stolen from the Rue Grande, and he was taken before the court."

"I fear it is too late, my dear. It is a quarter past 9 o'clock."

"Justine thought that the shop at the corner might be open."

"Need her, then. The truth is, I am well as hungry as a wolf."

The servant took a basket to get the bread, and left the door partly open to save S. Flannery Bennett.—Chicago Record.

Big C advertisement with image of a product.

HEATHVILLE, Northumberland County, Va., Nov. 26.—"There's your terrapin," an old Maryland host was wont to say, and there's pepper, salt, butter and sherry wine. If you want to spoil the terrapin, put on the wine." Plain folk that live where the terrapin grows are fond of saying that the terrapin is merely a vehicle for sauce, and they present to believe that cunningly sauce a turtle's head would do for the terrapin. These to whom terrapin has usually been not a luxury, but a matter of course, like the creature served in its shell with just the ordinary condiments at hand to be applied in accordance with individual taste. But so great has become the demand for terrapin in the large cities of the Atlantic coast that the creature has become a luxury even in the land of its birth, the prolific region of the Chesapeake, hence the terrapin farm.

Senator Dennis of Maryland was accustomed to snail when strangers spoke or wrote of his terrapin. The truth is that the senator simply improved some what upon the time honored Maryland custom of keeping a few terrapin in the cellar for future use. He had a house where his terrapin were fed, but he did not make a business of terrapin farming. Others have since gone into the business, and in course of time perhaps the ravages made by the hunters among wild terrapin will be repaired by the terrapin farmers.

One of the largest terrapin farms is that of Charles Lewis, on Hog Island, a spot of a few acres in the Potomac, not far from the Chesapeake and opposite the mouth of the river, a tide water tributary of the Potomac. Mr. Lewis is a Virginian from the eastern shore, an energetic man, who laid up considerable money in running steamboats on the Chesapeake and in New York harbor. He went into terrapin farming about five years ago. After buying in several acres, partly on the island and partly in the water surrounding it, he began buying terrapin for stocking the farm. He has been buying ever since, until some persons believe he has many thousands in stock. The number is probably overestimated, but Mr. Lewis has undoubtedly put a great deal of money in his farm, although small terrapin, from the size of a thumb nail upward, may be bought as low as 25 cents and sometimes a good deal lower. The terrapin is supposed to be about five years in reaching the marketable condition. After the term is, must measure 7 inches on the bottom shell, according to the Baltimore standard, before it is regarded as fit to set before an epicure. Counts have reached \$70 a dozen in recent seasons.

Some persons profess to believe that the artificially cultivated terrapin lacks a certain flavor of his wild brother, and this is ascribed to the absence of some element of food obtainable by the wild terrapin. Mr. Lewis believes he has made some of these elements by including in the area of his farm a quantity of sea water, and he has undoubtedly put a great deal of money in his farm, although small terrapin, from the size of a thumb nail upward, may be bought as low as 25 cents and sometimes a good deal lower. The terrapin is supposed to be about five years in reaching the marketable condition. After the term is, must measure 7 inches on the bottom shell, according to the Baltimore standard, before it is regarded as fit to set before an epicure. Counts have reached \$70 a dozen in recent seasons.

Some persons profess to believe that the artificially cultivated terrapin lacks a certain flavor of his wild brother, and this is ascribed to the absence of some element of food obtainable by the wild terrapin. Mr. Lewis believes he has made some of these elements by including in the area of his farm a quantity of sea water, and he has undoubtedly put a great deal of money in his farm, although small terrapin, from the size of a thumb nail upward, may be bought as low as 25 cents and sometimes a good deal lower. The terrapin is supposed to be about five years in reaching the marketable condition. After the term is, must measure 7 inches on the bottom shell, according to the Baltimore standard, before it is regarded as fit to set before an epicure. Counts have reached \$70 a dozen in recent seasons.

Remarkable Dogs.

First Liar—I have a dog that runs, a doctor every time he gets hurt. Second Liar—Smart dogs are plenty enough, but I have one with a sense of humor. "I guess not. How does he show it?" "Every time he sees a tailor he pants."—New York Weekly.

Caught the Drummer Napping.

A group of commercial travelers were seated in the smoking compartment of a sleeping car discussing business expenses and the various lines of merchandise sold by them. After while they were joined by a quiet individual, who listened to the conversation, but took no part in it. He smiled, however, at the jokes and sallies, and appeared to be thoroughly in sympathy with the company.

Precisely a fortnight ago the man, who at last one of the party turned to him and said, "May I inquire what line you represent?" "Certainly," he replied. "I am a clergyman. I travel for the house of the Lord."

RASH RAJAH.

Twenty-three Solidity Powder Made Him Seek His Doctor's Life.

An English doctor attached to the court of a rajah made himself most indispensable to his highness. He had fortunately also made a friend of his prime minister. On one occasion his highness, being slightly indisposed, had taken, by the doctor's advice, a solidity powder, which he had expressed his delight in. His tendency to "bowl and buzz" ready to blow your nose off, seemed to him a "scatter brain," and he seemed so much better after taking it that the doctor felt himself justified in joining a hunting party.

Precisely a fortnight ago the man, who at last one of the party turned to him and said, "May I inquire what line you represent?" "Certainly," he replied. "I am a clergyman. I travel for the house of the Lord."

The doctor put spurs to his horse and never drew rein till he was out of the jurisdiction of the